

Could've Sworn They Were on Fire

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Could've Sworn They Were on Fire

by [mushroomcow69](#)

Summary

George meets Dream for the first time, and quickly realizes he feels something other than friendship.

Notes

i literally did not even re read this before posting it enjoy this garbage xoxo

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George scanned the terminal, eyes half lidded and brain foggy. Realistically he knows he should be nervous, being that he's meeting and seeing his best friend for the first time.

But his heavily jet lagged brain was about 3 years behind, barely even registering where he was. A fog fell over his eyes, the sounds of the airport muffled behind his heavy exhaustion. His gaze flitted over the crowd, the sounds of each person talking melding together into a big mush of noise that made George feel like he had just combined every candle in the world and taken a huge whiff.

He was starting to get overwhelmed, and he wasn't really conscious enough to process it all. The room spun around him, the static of conversations growing louder with every second.

Suddenly there were arms snaking around his waist from behind, pulling him into a hug. George

jumped, taking a second for his brain to catch up and be scared, only to hear an all too familiar voice sounding from behind him.

"Hi, George."

The two words were so much louder than the static, the only thing sticking out from the crowd. The voice was soft and tender, and though it should've added to the overwhelming loudness, it seemed to quiet it.

George immediately spun around, desperate to finally see his best friend's face. His eyes scanned up from the floor, meeting black jeans, a white t-shirt, and, god how is he this tall, finally meeting Dream's face.

Oh.

Suddenly the noises were silenced. The room stopped spinning, as if everything froze and paused just so George could look at Dream. Every other sense blurred around him, the silence deafening him until all he could see was Clay. Clay standing in front of him. Clay hugging him from behind. Clay's tousled hair falling over his eyes. Clay's bright eyes, radiating sunlight straight through George's chest.

Suddenly the fog was gone. Suddenly George was never jet lagged at all, suddenly his heart was beating out of his chest, his breath catching in his throat.

Suddenly his eyes were wide and everything else felt completely arbitrary.

This couldn't be real. This couldn't be Dream. He certainly matched Dream's persona, with a smile that shot light like daggers and an ever present glow that followed him wherever he went. But there was no way this beautiful, ethereal man had been George's best friend all along.

George's eyes flew faster than he could keep up, fleeting over the freckles that scattered from his nose, the tongue that poked out between his teeth as he smiled, his yellow eyes that he knew were green, but yellow seemed so much more fitting.

"Dream."

The word came out as more of a breathless gasp, George's voice quiet as he gazed at Dream, eyes widened.

Dream's eyes scanned George's face, and god would George give anything to know what the other man was thinking. They swept from his lips to his cheek, finally meeting his eyes.

Dream's tone dropped to match George's, quiet and awestruck.

"George."

The door flew shut behind George as Dream turned around, throwing out his arms as he walked into the apartment.

"Mi casa," he chuckled, setting his keys on the counter.

"Es su casa?" George replied, scanning the small but beautiful home.

"Si!" Dream exclaimed before walking up to George and taking his suitcase.

George tried to ignore how their fingers brushed against each other.

Dream led George through the main room, to a wall with two doors.

"This is the guest room, my room is the one right next to it. You're probably tired as hell so you can chill there if you want, I'm gonna take a quick shower and then we'll order pizza for dinner?"

There was something about the way Dream spoke that was mesmerizing. His in person persona was just as charming and bright as his online one, and George couldn't help but be entranced by the way he spoke, the way he rubbed his fingers against themselves as he thought of what to say, the way his eyes lit up whenever his mouth opened.

"Pizza sounds good. I'm gonna try to nap this shit off."

Dream chuckled before opening George's door, giving a dramatic flurry of his hand as if to say, 'your room, good sir'.

George rolled his eyes halfheartedly before stepping into the room.

About twenty minutes later George was sitting in the main room, having been unable to fall asleep. He had found a home in the corner of Dream's couch, curled into a ball and scrolling through twitter. The shower ran from the bathroom, something soothing about the even pitter patter of the water, the occasional changes in pattern that reminded George that Dream was there.

The shower grew quieter before slowing to a stop, and there was a few seconds of silence before George heard the bathroom door open. He glanced up, expecting to see Dream changed and maybe drying his hair.

Oh shit.

His eyes caught as he brought his head up, going wide. Dream stood walking out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waist, chest bare and hair dripping over his forehead, almost brown from the moisture.

George felt his mouth suddenly go very dry, eyes stuck on Dream's chest. Dream jumped as he saw George, bringing a hand up to his hair, which only made George's problem worse with the way his arm flexed, stretching out his torso to where George could barely see the beginning of his V-line.

"Oh shit sorry, I thought you were napping," Dream said, walking past the couch to hurry into his room.

George snapped his mouth open to talk, the dryness making his voice come out hoarse.

"I-It's okay."

If Dream noticed George's brief gay panic, he didn't mention it before stepping into his room and closing the door gently behind him.

"I could totally beat you in a fight, Dream!"

The two boys sat on the couch, Dream changed into a t-shirt and gray sweatpants that George

definitely did not have to stop himself from glancing down at.

Dream wheezed, the noise even brighter in person than it was over call, "No you could not, you're like two feet tall."

George, ever the competitive being, lunged himself at Dream, knocking him over and throwing fake punches to his jaw. Dream broke out laughing, George feeling the rise and fall of his chest as he wheezed.

Once Dream had calmed down, George sat up with a smug smile, back facing the room behind him.

"Told you I'd win."

Dream's eyes sparkled with something George hadn't seen in person but was all too familiar with, a competitive and predatory glint shining through.

George barely registered it before he was knocked over, body falling off the couch and landing on his back with something heavy on top of him.

The brunette groaned, opening his eyes slowly only to meet green ones.

His breath caught in his throat as he realized the position he was in. Dream had fallen off the couch as well, landing on top of George with their faces mere inches apart.

George didn't even realize he was holding his breath. He wanted nothing more than to back away and pretend this never happened, but something had fallen over him, and he found himself unable to look away from Dream's eyes.

Dream stared back into him before, almost too quick to catch, his eyes flickered down to George's lips.

George inhaled sharply, feeling Dream's breath against his cheeks. He had no idea if he had imagined that, but he took the chance and down to Dream's lips in response.

Dream's eyebrows raised in surprise before he leaned in closer and looked back down to George's lips, this time his eyes staying there.

George could feel Clay breathing above him, could feel his chest against his, his legs in between his.

Clay glanced back up to George's eyes as if to ask permission.

George looked back down to Clay's lips as if to give permission.

Clay brought his gaze back to George's lips, this time a glint of determination shining.

A loud monotone screech sounded through the apartment, making both boys jump, Clay falling to the side of George and quickly standing up. George sat up, leaning on his arms as his chest heaved with the realization of what was about to happen. Of what almost did happen.

Clay ran back over to the couch, a pizza box and plastic bag in his hand. He looked winded, like he had just been woken out of a deep dream by the loudest alarm there is. George met his eyes, expecting to talk about what had just happened, but he saw no acknowledgement in Clay's eyes. No recognition of what had happened.

"Pizza!" Clay exclaimed with complete normality and George felt his heart fall.

George stumbled out of the bed, feet landing firmly on the hard wood floor. He couldn't spend a second longer sitting in Dream's guest bed overthinking.

He walked cautiously into the main room, eyes catching on the glass door that led to Clay's small balcony.

He slowly pulled open the door, stepping out into the stifling air. He leaned his elbows against the metal railing, leaning over and looking down to the view of Florida.

He hadn't gotten a chance to take it in yet, but Florida really was beautiful a dark light fell over the city he stood over, street lamps leaking white beams onto the still street. The night made everything look blue, which was George's favorite thing about it. The city felt truly asleep, something that didn't really happen in London. The blue tinted apartment buildings sat in silence, as if life had been put on pause and George was sitting and watching it all still.

He sighed heavily, mind going back to the day he had.

George thought something was going to happen, but judging by the completely oblivious look in Dream's eyes when he brought in the pizza, he had clearly imagined it. Which meant George had a whole nother thing to deal with; his newfound unrequited feelings for his best friend. George huffed, dropping his head into his hands.

Before he could think twice about it, he pulled his phone out of his pocket, pressing call on Sappnap's contact and bringing it to his ear.

"Hey, aren't you with Dream?"

"Yeah, he's asleep."

Sappnap chuckled. "What couldn't go a day without talking to me?"

George sighed dejectedly, unable to find the words he needed to say.

"Sap, I..."

Sappnap caught onto the serious undertone in George's voice, one he didn't hear very often.

"What's up, George?"

George sighed again, opening and closing his mouth silently. He had to just say it. He had to.

"Sappnap it's Dream."

"What? Is he okay?" Sappnap sounded panicked, words speeding up.

"Yeah he's totally fine Sap, I just-"

"Okay then what is it?"

"Sap I- he got out of the shower and he was all shirtless and shit and I just-"

Sappnap inhaled sharply before shuffling was heard on his end, realizing the weight of what George

was saying.

"Ohhhh."

"Yeah and," George was rambling now, "We were sitting in the living room and he fell on top of me and he just looked at me and then he looked at my lips and I- Sapnap I *could've sworn* he was about to kiss me."

"Did he?" Sapnap sounded excited, clearly invested in the new development of his friend group.

George groaned loudly, "No he didn't because the fucking doorbell rang and then I thought he would after but he looked at me and it was like he didn't even know it had happened! Sap I obviously just imagined it and now I have these stupid fucking feelings-"

"Woah, calm down," Sapnap cut in, voice level and calming, "It's okay, George."

George dropped his head down to the railing, letting out an exasperated sigh. He stood against the railing in silence, Sapnap silent too, letting George think.

After a few minutes of peaceful silence, George heard the door behind him gently slide open. He turned around, lowering his hand with his phone to his side.

"Hi, Clay."

"Couldn't sleep?" Clay's voice was gentle and quiet, almost fragile against the night sky.

"Yeah."

"Neither could I."

"Why not?"

At those words, Clay looked to the side and furrowed his brow decisively. Before George could say anything, Clay was lunging towards him, and George was pushed against the railing, lips smashing into his.

George gasped sharply, eyebrows flying up as he let out a surprised squeak before his free hand flew up to grip Clay's jaw. He could've sworn something exploded in him, the air knocking out of his chest as he felt the cold railing against his back, Clay's warm chest against his, Clay's lips against his, softer and warmer than he could have ever imagined.

Clay wrapped his arm around George's chest, pulling him impossibly closer as they kissed, lips moving in sync, deep and determined.

Everything fell away, just like it had in the airport.

George leaned into the kiss again, fingers running through the hair behind Clay's ear. Even though George's eyes were closed, he could feel the bright beams of the street lights line up with the sun that shone from Clay's eyes, he could feel the blue tint of the night push against his chest as they pulled closer together, he could feel the air rush through his hair, no longer anywhere near stifling.

George could've stood right there, kissing Clay, for all eternity but after a few minutes his lungs began to burn.

He pulled back reluctantly, chest heaving as his eyes met Clay's.

Clay's eyes weren't bright like they usually were, George could've sworn they were on fire. They bore straight into him, the gaze strong and blazing.

George glanced down to Clay's lips, which were red and raw. George could imagine his looked the same. He gasped shallowly, trying to catch his breath as he brought his eyes back up to look at Clay, who's chest was also heaving.

They looked at each other, eyes staring into the other before they broke into a gentle laughter.

They laughed until Clay was wheezing, hand still gripping George's waist with George's still on his cheek.

A muffled noise sounded from beside George's waist, causing Clay to glance down.

He opened his mouth, voice taking a second to come out, husky and breathless. "Is- is there something playing on your phone?"

George's eyes went wide as he realized, bringing his forgotten phone up and putting it on speaker.

"...Sapnap?"

George hoped the other man had hung up before Clay and him had made out, and Clay's eyes flew open as George hesitantly mumbled their friend's name.

Sound came from George's phone, loud and jarring, causing the two boys to jump.

"HELLO YES I'M STILL FUCKING HERE HOLY SHIT."

Clay and George inhaled sharply, panicked eyes meeting as George shrugged frantically.

"...Hi Sap," Clay mumbled, voice still husky.

"HELLO CLAY, HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT?"

Clay chuckled half heartedly, still unsure if Sapnap realized what had been happening.

"Good."

"YEAH I BET YOU'RE PRETTY FUCKING GOOD CONSIDERING YOU JUST FUCKING MADE OUT WITH GEORGE."

Both Clay and George sighed at this, George dropping his head into his hands.

"Sap I forgot you were on call," he mumbled, cheeks red even despite the dark light.

"Oh well yeah of course you forgot, you had a lot of distractions didn't you!"

Clay wheezed, taking the phone from George's hand.

"Okay Sap, something came up I gotta go love you!" He blurted out, Sapnap barely able to let out a screech of refusal before Clay pressed George's on the screen, a loud beep sounding as the blonde shoved the phone into his back pocket.

George started to chuckle, cut off as he was pushed back against the railing, lips landing on his.

End Notes

wtf was that anyway please comment it makes me feel warm and fuzzy also ill update my other fic soon im just tryna figure out where i wanna go with it! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!